

WORLD NO. 153

Give songs in the night, O heart,
 Thy way may be lone and drear--
 Thou mayest have seen all joy depart,
 And been left a prey to fear:
 A prey to fear and pain
 That around us mortals wait
 While we plant and sow the flowers in
 And still are doleful.

MAUD.

DISCUSSION AND CONCLUSIONS

that may chance to read it."

"Ah! you may well call her so!

"Shall we go?" I said.
 "Yes!" replied Harry.
 In a few moments we were walk-

"It will give me pleasure to do so!" replied.

"Yes, dear Maud, business waits for me, and though I could spend many months in London, I cannot do so."

(Continued on eighth page.)

(Continued on eighth page)

It is necessary to note every cash placed in the hands of Chinese, to prevent fraud; then they are apt to cheat by reporting that such and such things cost more than they really do. By this means they make a few cash—sometimes a handsome sum. While busily engaged in my study, Tsung-chen comes in for settlement having exhausted the treasure placed in his hands. He brings his scrap of tin upon which he keeps his accounts. This time it contains the following items, with their prices, viz:—1 Chinese lock, 200 cash; nails, 20; cash; oil paper, 180; bamboos, 84; oil can, 200; furnace for heating smoothing irons,

220; coal for furnace, 100; wood, 100, making in all 1104 cash. He was my debtor 465 cash; now I am his, 639. I give him 81, Mexican, worth at the time 1160 cash, which makes him my debtor again 521 cash. This he notes upon his count piece. Next week he comes in again for another settlement.

A visit to the foreign girls, within the city, displayed more Chinese taste than has elsewhere been met with in Shanghai. These gardens are surrounded by motionless water, covered with an unpretty evergreen upon which fish are fed at other places than Shanghai. The paved walks, winding round and through green-roofed buildings, and sparsely decked with flowers, afford a somewhat pleasant retreat. By and over the water's edge, stands a little, airy house, the residence of two live storks, walking round and round, upon their long slender legs, in their, by no means clean chamber; while their high, lofty heels in flight that they are more at ease when visitors do not call. Within the enclosure is a small, artificial mountain, the summit of which is gained by steps, winding around its sides, through woods, and near precipices, over which it would not be pleasant nor safe to fall. Reaching its highest peak, you find welcome, granite seats. Around the sides, and on the top, trees of different kinds and sizes, waving to the passing breeze. Could the eye be closed to the immediate surroundings, and rest upon farther off objects, on the one hand would be seen a beautiful and flourishing town by the river's side upon the waters of which quite a forest of ship's masts is standing; while on the other would be spread pleasant savannas; one would forget for a time he was in China, and imagine himself quietly resting upon some peak of a more congenial land. These gardens are the great resort for the elite of the city, but in these troublous times, the greater portion of that class have sought safety elsewhere, and but very few are to be seen taking pleasure in these elfin walks.

In the great city temple is the great city god, whose hideous form is crouched back in a dim recess and surrounded with mighty images, looking as if ashamed that so many thousands are so blinded as to bow before, and offer incense to such an object.

Passing from such a deplorable altar, we soon come to groups of people not far distant apart. One is listening to ballad singing; the second is looking at various little things exhibited for sale; another is hearing a native Chinaman accompanied by a missionary, preach the gospel of our Saviour; still another is being entertained by instrumental and vocal music (?); and yet another is witnessing the performance of a ventriloquist. And he ventriloquizes well. He gives place presently to the other, who places his hand on his jugular regions, saying he has four different kinds of birds within; but succeeds in showing that he is not at all burdened with good sense.

News from the North is by no means flattering, either for China or the Allies. It was generally thought that the taking of the Taku Forts would end the fighting—but far different. Tsung-ko ling sin, commander of the Tartar forces, was degraded by the Emperor, for being driven from the forts, to which he was unwilling to submit without an effort to redeem his generalship. While the English and French were on the march for Peking, they were suddenly attacked by twenty-five thousand Tartars, with eighty guns. The Allies repulsed them killing and wounding, it is supposed, about seven hundred men, capturing the eighty pieces of cannon, taking a town, and seizing tea to the amount of one million of dollars. They lost about forty men in the engagement. And it was currently reported that Tsung-ko ling sin cut his throat in despair. Soon after the battle, three or four English officers, the Times correspondent and part of Lord Elgin's staff, went out a short distance from the army to look at an old temple, and were taken prisoners.

Sir A. Laird Hope threatened that if a hair of the prisoners was hurt, he would march directly to Peking, and sack and destroy the city. The Tartars threatened that if the Allies went to Peking, they would behead the prisoners. Hearing of the death of the only brave and patriotic man, Tsung-ko ling sin, in the Tartar service, and hearing these threats, all were quite sanguine that hostilities would cease. But this had not ceased to be the exciting topic, when later intelligence

came that the Allies had fought their way to Peking, bombarded it, forced the gates, fired the city and were still fighting. Several hundred of their number were taken prisoners, and doubtless many killed and wounded. The posts they had taken on their way to the Capital had to be fortified, so their forces were reduced from seventeen to ten thousand. The Chinese authorities proffered to meet them at the town they had just taken, to treat with them. But no; they must go to Peking. They were then told if they did, they would have to fight for it. Fight for it they did; and go they did.

This last intelligence is not printed and we know not how far it is correct. But there is no doubt that there has been, and may be still, fighting; and that the result, in fact the whole affair, is very different from what was expected. The mail will be down in a day or two, when we will probably hear something further and more reliable. We are expecting next to hear that Peking is in ashes. Such a calamity would be the most humiliating thing that could befall the dynasty especially the destruction of the Emperor's Palace. The Chinese have a superstitious reverence for all official rooms. They would kill a ruler but would not touch his office—would raze to the ground every building around it, but it must stand.

What the next issue will be it is useless to conjecture. And it is equally doubtful what the final result will be. Should the Allies succeed in obtaining all they desire, which they more than probably will, and withdraw their forces, the Chinese will quite aptly violate the treaty before they get home. But should the Allies fail and be driven off, you may look for us pretty soon. For in case of such an event all foreigners will have to leave forthwith. However we are anticipating nothing of the kind.

It would seem that the present corrupt dynasty is about to be overthrown. The long haired Rebels are shaking it in the south; the English and French are pressing hard upon the Emperor's Palace; and it is now reported among the Chinese that another rebellion has commenced in the North. It is said to be headed by one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, men in the whole Empire. Because of his wealth the Emperor has burdened him with unjust exactions. These were imposed upon him till he could tolerate them no longer. He is said to be a man of great intelligence. He is much beloved by all who know him. Such being the case, and having under him quite a number of men, his movement is to be greatly dreaded by the ruling dynasty. The correctness of this report cannot be vouched for, though it is not without plausibility. The Manchu dynasty was set up in blood, and present inquisitions are that it will end in blood. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," as true of nations as of individuals. It may be written of this vast Empire, as of Israel, "I will rend the kingdom." The nations of the earth are being shaken; and who can discern the signs of the times?

We have quiet at Shanghai at present. There is no probability of being disturbed again.

Why is it that the Times has ceased to visit the "Flowery Land?" There is no necessity of being afraid of the Rebels. They have not been able to take Hangchow. I have not turned rebel; and am at a loss to know why I am so slighted.—Do call again soon. We are healthful and cheerful. Success to you. Truly,
MARQUIS L. WOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Curiosities of the Bible—Continued.
BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Messrs. Cole & Albright:

Dear Sirs:—In the last issue of your valuable paper—December 22d, I am accosted in rather a severe manner, concerning a contribution which appeared in "The Times" of the 8th inst. Now, while I regard an open controversy contrary to the discipline of any young Christian's heart, I can but give this "pupil"—"A LEARNER," the satisfaction he requires as to my knowledge of the sacred teachings of the Scripture.

Allow me, in the first place, my most potent and sarcastic "pupil" to inform you that when I made the selections which appeared in the "Times" of Dec. 8th, I did not intend them to be "picked at" and criticised by one so learned as you, but merely for the benefit, (if it was a benefit,) of those who had never before

seen or noted the same. You say "most of the curiosities have been often published before." This is very true, and I suppose the good sense of my friends, the Editors, told them the same, and yet they gave it a place in their paper; you may very naturally enquire "why they did so," to which good common sense will reply—"merely for the benefit of those who had never before seen them?"

But, come, Mr. "pupil" I must to the subject, and if I can, without any reference to the Bible, give your stolid queries a correct and speedy reply; I am glad, at least, that you own one of my paragraphs "is of some importance."

Your question, "what two books of the Bible, in which neither Lord, God, nor Christ is mentioned," I have been acquainted with for many years, and to satisfy your idle curiosity, you will find neither Lord, God, nor Christ in the book of "Ezra" and the "Song of Solomon."

Q. 21. "Which chapter has Lord in every verse?" For this I would refer you to the evil Psalm which has but two verses in it—each of which has "Lord" mentioned in them.

Q. 34. What book of the New Testament makes no mention of Jesus Christ? If you will turn to the "Thirst Epistle of John" and read it through, you will find that it makes no mention of "Jesus Christ"—rather strange and curious, too, isn't it?

Q. 4th. "How often does the word 'pupil' occur in the Bible?" Here you thought to "put me to the test," eh?—not so fast, sir "pupil," for if you will turn to Neh. 8th chapter and the 4th verse, you will find the following passage: "And Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose, &c." this is the only place the word pupil occurs, so far as I have any knowledge of.

Q. 5th. "In what place can we find the word Trinity?" Look, you, in the Sabbath school, I do not allow my "pupils" to spend, foolishly, any time that can be put to study, and do you, so young, now attempt to throw away your valuable time by asking questions you know not to be in the Bible. I am ashamed of you, but will forbear a reproof—if you promise "not to do so again." The above question I do not remember of ever seeing, and in fact, if I must say it, I do not believe it can be found in the Bible at all.

We are taught by a reference to "Watson's Dictionary of the Bible," that the word "Trinity" does not occur in the pages of the "Word of God,"—see page 925 on which we find: "The word Trinity does not occur in the Scripture, nor do we find it in any of the early confessions of faith: but this is no argument against the doctrine itself, since we learn from the fathers of the first three centuries, that the divinity of the Son and of the Holy Ghost was, from the days of the Apostles, acknowledged by the catholic church, and that those who maintained a contrary opinion were considered as heretics, &c." I might go on and quote its history, but time will not admit, so turn and read for yourself.

Q. 6th. "Where is the quotation, 'In the midst of life we are in death' to be found?" This question is either stolid in its nature with the "pupil," or else he is testing my mind as being versed in sacred lore—may I ask which it is?—if the latter, allow me to ease his mind by saying, to my best knowledge, it cannot be found in the Bible, if it can, will my most learned adversary be kind enough to tell me where? for surely I should take it as a favor to be informed. I know, very well, it can be found in the "Burial Service" of any Episcopal Prayer Book, but never yet have I seen it in the Bible.

Q. 7th. "How old was Moses when he slew the Egyptian and fled to Midian? and how old was he when he led the Israelites out of Egypt?" This is a very good question, and you shall have a correct answer, or, at least, as near as I can calculate it: It was in the year 2473, about 1531 years before Christ that he slew the Egyptian—he being then 40 years of age. For reference, turn to the 2d chapter of Exodus, 11th and 12th verses and read as follows: "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren,

"And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

Now, sir, this does not tell how old Moses was at the time, it merely says "he was grown" or in other words "of age," as we say now; but if you will consult thoroughly the Jewish dispensation you will find in those days a man was considered of age at 40, hence Moses was 40 years old when he slew the Egyptian.

And it was in the year 2513, being 1491 years before the coming of Christ that he led the Israelites out of Egypt. Thus the space between the two dates is just 40 years—making Moses 80 years of age when he led the Israelites out of Egypt; reference, Exodus VI chapter XIII verse.

Q. 8th. "How many mules did the Jews bring up from Babylon on their return after their captivity?" I will not only inform you how many mules they brought with them but if you wish also how many horses—see Ezra 2d chapter, 66th verse, and you will find there that they brought with them 245 mules and 736 horses; does that suit you sir? I hope it is satisfactory!

Q. 9th. "How was Absalom hung in the oak?" I am happy to tell you, sir, this question I have been acquainted with for over 13 years, and if you will refer to II Samuel, 18th chapter and 9th verse, you will find the following:

"And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away."

And now, my good sir, who styles himself "A Learner," are you satisfied with my answers? and do you perceive "Mr. Watkins" at all "put to the test" in replying to any? If so, in some future number of the *Times* let him hear from you?

By-the-by, allow me to "ply you" with just a few questions, but do not, at the same time, think I wish to test your ability—as I do not—it is only a return for your "favours."

1. In what place can we find the word "parlours?"
2. Where can we find, and how often does the word "preserver" occur in the Bible?
3. Where is the word "tricketh" to be found? and how often does it occur in the Bible?
4. How large was the bed of Oz, king of Bashan—in English feet?
5. After their families, what number was the sons of Benjamin?
6. In the Rebellion of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, how many were slain by the plague, for murmuring against Moses?
7. In what year, and how long before Christ, did the Jews obtain sentence from Darius against the Samaritans, concerning the tribute of Samaria?
8. In what year did Alexander, son of Amputas, succeed his father on the throne of Macedonia? and how long did he reign?
9. When did Nero kill himself, and who succeeded him?

Now come, Mr. "A Learner," do you tell us candidly and correctly, if the above questions "put you to the test" any. I would like to have my questions answered as I have done yours—will you do it?—You can but be able, if I am to judge from the tone of your communication in the *Times*.

N. B.—If my friend does not answer the above, I will give the answers in some future copy of the *Times*.

A Happy New Year!

BY MRS. L. M. HUTHINS ON.

"I wish you a happy new year, Aunt Mary," said my Mother to an old lady whom I had known for many years, and whom everybody addressed with this appellation; for what reason, indeed I never could tell unless it was the uniform kind disposition which she possessed and the many deeds of Charity which she performed.

But whencesoever she derived this appellation, she was regarded by all in the village as a model of piety and a pattern of excellence.

"Fanny!" my Mother continued, "has brought you some sweetmeats and some medicine."

"How very kind in you to think of me, Mrs. Mason," said Aunt Mary in reply, "and how blest you are in your children; They are always so obedient to you and treat you with so much respect and confidence: This I presume is the result of your admirable mode of training. O! that all mothers had your happy art of bringing up children," Aunt Mary continued. "You just wished me a happy new year. If the return of this day does not find me more miserable than the last new year's day,

it certainly does not find me happier.—Only think it is twenty years ago to day that my darling boy, the son of many prayers, deserted his parental roof for a foreign land, and I fear for an inordinate grave: He was one on whom my fondest hopes were centered, he was kind, generous, and devoted, and all who knew him

formed the expectation, that he would become a most useful member of society:—He seemed always to study my every wish—so attentive was he to me, that no shade of trouble ever beclouded my brow, and when leaning on his arm going to the house of God, I have often asked myself the question, can any Mother be more blest than I? Whilst he was young I lost my husband and I then thought I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and yet, while ready to sink under my burden, there appeared to come through the gloom a still small voice, that seemed to whisper, you have a mission yet to fulfil, *redeem your son for eternity*, and oh! how I tried to obey the mandate, yet in an evil hour he fell—how low! and now he fills perhaps a drunkard's grave; O! I must exclaim with one of old, 'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'

"Your afflictions," said my mother, "have been very great indeed yet happy still. He that has watched over you these many years watches still and he can bring light out of darkness, your many prayers will not return void—yet have been cast down but not *foreaken*. Something tells me that you will yet behold your son with joy and gladness."

At that moment a rap was heard at the door which arrested our attention and Aunt Mary going to the door found a little girl about seven years of age, dressed in a style simple and neat, yet bespeaking taste and opulence.

"Will not my little daughter walk in and take a seat," said Aunt Mary, struck with the beauty of the child whilst my Mother and myself sat admiring the child-like timidity that seemed a peculiar trait of the little girl; on entering she in a voice of great sweetness enquired, "Is this Mrs. Maynard, the lady that used to live in that large house across the street?"

"The same my child," said Aunt Mary "I lived there some years ago but it has been shut up for some time until yesterday I saw strangers moving in."

"Then Papa told me to kiss you and give you this New-Year's present."

"Your Papa," said Aunt Mary, embracing her, "is very kind."

At the same time taking a paper parcel from the child's hand; on opening it she found a beautifully bound copy of Baxter's Saints Rest.

Not knowing from whom the present had come Mrs. Maynard turned to the fly-leaf of the book and there found written these words.

"To the best of Mothers, whose prayers have been answered; from an only son."

The glasses fell from Aunt Mary's eyes—she had fainted, having seen that the gift was from her long lost son.

On recovering consciousness she found herself clasped in his arms, and drawing her little grand daughter to her, she invoked a blessing upon their heads and rejoicing she uttered the exclamation,

"Now indeed I have something to live for; something to bless my declining years."

"Mother," said I, "what made Mrs. Maynard's son so debased a character as to leave her for so many years—unconscious of his existence and go abroad into a distant land?"

"The first temptation," said my mother, "was Egg-nog and Christmas wine, these were given him by a lady friend, but a little older than yourself—may, urged upon him, till he could no longer decline!"

My mother could proceed no further now, for Aunt Mary, turning to her, said "you were right, Mrs. Mason, God has, indeed, brought light out of darkness. He has returned my son safe and sound and in his right mind; my sky was this morning overcast with clouds, but now the sun is shining in all its brightness."

Her son proved to be the stranger that had moved in the late white house across the way, he having purchased this handsome residence and restored it again to his mother. He soon presented to her his entire family, and this proved to her a Happy New Year indeed.

O! that this might prove a happy new year to many mothers whose sons, like James Maynard, are tempted by the too often fatal bowl, and feel it to be impossible likewise to decline the alluring temptation.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1861

C. C. FELL, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms.

The Times is published weekly in Greensboro, N. C., at \$2 a year, in advance. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription has expired, and unless renewed within four weeks, the paper will be discontinued.

To Advertisers.

The Times is a medium for advertising. No other select advertisements will be admitted. The following is our regular schedule of prices:

One insertion of ten lines, one insertion	\$1.00
Three insertions of ten lines, one insertion	2.00
One insertion of twenty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of twenty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of thirty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of thirty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of forty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of forty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of fifty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of fifty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of sixty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of sixty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of seventy lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of seventy lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of eighty lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of eighty lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of ninety lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of ninety lines, one insertion	5.00
One insertion of one hundred lines, one insertion	2.00
Three insertions of one hundred lines, one insertion	5.00

The New Volume.

With this number the Times enters upon its sixth volume. We trust we present it to our readers in form, type, and arrangement, better and more convenient than before. We have ever made it a point of our printing care to study the interests of our patrons and to furnish them a paper the best we could make it.

During the present excitement in national affairs, we shall use greater energy in securing the latest possible news, before going to press, and shall endeavor to give our readers a full synopsis of all the news of the country. They may expect to find in the Times every reliable item of importance.

We have also made arrangements to give our agricultural readers and those who preside over the domestic affairs more attention, and shall exercise greater care to fill their departments with a greater variety. We will give them during the year, as much reading in these departments as they would get from a monthly agricultural journal. It is our object to make the Times such a paper as to be desirable in every family circle in the State. It shall be emphatically "a family newspaper," and as such we hope it will find its way into every family circle, especially in North Carolina, taking the place of those printed by parties who have no interest in our state outside of the money of her citizens. We shall receive it as a very great favor in any one who will assist us in increasing the circulation of the Times.

The New Year.

Never did we enter upon a New Year with a prospect so gloomy and so uncertain. This happy confederacy of states has been thrown into a confusion and excitement, which every effort to conciliate, but makes confusion worse confounded. A land of freedom, of prosperity, of happiness, of Christianity; a land in which every man was lord of his own domain, and in which the path to honor and to fame is a public highway, free alike to the rich and the poor, knowing no distinction but in individual character and merit, is suddenly overcast with a portentous cloud of blackness as desolation, tinged with red as with blood.

But the American people were born free-men, and the day has not yet come when these freemen will quietly submit to the destruction of this happy land. Our politicians, and spoils seekers, and adventurers may endeavor to create an excitement which will ensure to their advantage, but we unhesitatingly affirm our conviction, that an effort on their part to submerge this country into civil war, will fall upon their own heads, burying them in obscurity, while the people, seizing the loosened reins of government, will maintain their rights and their freedom.

As black as is the cloud, as uncertain as appears the future, we see no necessity for any good to arise from an undisturbed excitement. Financially there is no cause for a panic; men are as honest, and as able to meet their demands as for many years. There should not yet be despair found in the breast of any honest and patriotic man. Only he who wishes for a disruption of the country can see no alternative.

Those who have been in the habit of reading the Times, know our course to be straight forward and independent, swayed by neither party nor sectional influences. We respect integrity and honesty wherever found; and with equal impartiality we denounce whatever we find to be detrimental to the prosperity and perpetuity of our free institutions.

We sensibly feel the responsibility resting upon us, as public journalists, in this critical state of public affairs; and we enter upon the new year with a purpose steadily fixed to study the interest of our readers and of our common country, with an untiring vigilance. The Press is the great machine that moulds public opinion, and we are sorry to see in many instances that so powerful an agency is managed with so little care for the consequences; that so many, instead of being reliable news papers, are but fire brands, giving forth uncertain reports merely to gratify the morbid desire of the public mind for something new and sensational. The Times will use a greater energy than heretofore to present its readers with the latest news up to the hour of going to press, but it will never manufacture news nor make one-sided statements, to mislead its readers. Honesty of purpose and independence of action are the only rules that shall guide us.

As newspapers are intended to reflect public sentiment as well as to mould it and guide it, we shall at all times, be under obligation to any one who may communicate his own views, passing events, or furnish us correct and early reports of any public meetings or proceedings of public interest. Such favors will accommodate us and oblige our readers.

The News.

Since our last issue, the week before Christmas, the times have been eventful. Every day wrought some change in the aspect of affairs, complicating the plot of the political drama, drawing it nearer and nearer to a focus, which would inevitably, to all appearances, sunter the union into fragments.

The South Carolina State convention passed its secession ordinance; the Governor issued his proclamation declaring the State free and independent; the constitution of the State was amended so as to allow the Governor to appoint ministers to, and to receive them from, foreign nations, to enter into treaties of peace, amity, and commerce; commissioners were dispatched to treat with the United States at Washington. Much the larger portion of time the convention was in secret session, and its transactions have not been divulged.

A most serious transaction was the step taken by Maj. Anderson in removing his men from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter in Charleston harbor. Maj. Anderson acknowledged the responsibility of the movement, it having been made without orders, but he considered it necessary for his own safety. The cannon in Fort Moultrie, facing Fort Sumpter, were spiked and the carriages burned. This act very greatly incensed the South Carolinians, and a collision between the federal and state troops was imminent for several days. To prevent any further movement by the federal troops, the state troops of South Carolina took possession of Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, and of the Arsenal. Strong fortifications have been erected in and around Charleston to prevent the reinforcement of Maj. Anderson. No attack on him is meditated. The South Carolina ladies have tendered their services at the forts. Some have prepared bedding for the volunteers. Thus events stood at our latest advices from Charleston. At Washington events have also been exciting. The delegation in Congress from South Carolina resigned on receiving intelligence of the secession of that state. The commissioners from South Carolina had not met with an official reception. They demanded of the President that Maj. Anderson should be remanded to Fort Moultrie, as their appears to have been an understanding between the President and

the authorities of South Carolina that no change was to be made as regarded the defense of the forts. The Cabinet held exciting meetings upon the subject for several days, resulting in the resignation of three of the members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Floyd, Thompson, and Thomas; but to this time Maj. Anderson holds his position. The Revenue Cutter, Harriet Lane, has been sent from Washington to Charleston with sealed orders. We learn that Maj. Anderson will resign his commission if remanded. The Senate committee of thirteen upon the State of the Union has reported that they were unable to agree, and has been discharged. Several very exciting debates have been had in the Senate. The House committee of thirty-three is still at work. The Republicans seem to be willing to concede (?) any measure as regards the existing slave states, but are tenacious of their former motto, "No more slave states." There is still some hope that the committee may agree.

POETICAL GALLERY.

POEMS BY MISS TERRY.

Magazine readers of the present day have no need to be told who Rose Terry is. Sprightly, graceful, and versatile, she has become within a very few years, a favorite with all who turn to the pages of the monthly magazine for their chief literary pleasure, her contributions being as distinguishedly sought after as those of many an honored veteran in the service. Her more recent writings are chiefly in prose, her tales and sketches proving that in the difficult task of a smooth, condensed, and harmoniously finished story of limited length she has no superior. That she is also a industrious and graceful writer of verse is the little volume, containing over a hundred poems, now given to the world, will sufficiently attest.

Quite ten years ago, on one of those unfortunate rainy days in the country when one is left without any resources of a literary nature but the village paper and a last year's almanac, we had mastered the contents of the aforesaid literary treasures, and entertaining a better opinion of our host's broad, out-of-door-good things than his supply of recreation for the intellectual man, had looked longingly out of the window a dozen times for the first speck of sunlight on the jeweled leaves, when we accidentally caught sight of some verses stuck fast on the wall. While we inwardly blessed the good people of the house for this novel method of supplying our intellectual wants we looked at the title. Its appropriateness made it doubly welcome. It was called "Indolence," and we committed the whole work of the poet to memory on the spot, though it was posted up without name, sign, or acknowledgment. Ten years later we learn on looking through the exquisite volume before us that to Miss Rose Terry we were indebted that day for the entertainment which perhaps stayed our hand from suicide—who knows? As the little poem is as fresh to day as then, and as it is well worth the necessary setting, we hang it up in our gallery without apology.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent, indolent! yes I am indolent;
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Tridling in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Bly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only his carol of gratitude singing,
Only his living and loving intent.

Indolent, indolent! yes I am indolent;
So is the cloud overarching the mountain,
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its silvery plume;
Nerve and sensation in quiet repose,
Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strangely and cold.

Indolent, indolent! yes I am indolent,
If it be life to gather my pleasure,
Out of creation's unworked treasure,
Midnight and morning by fire and sea;
Wald with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in Autumn's solemn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent, indolent! yes I am indolent;
Thrills of the earth and its usages weary,
Tolling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Tolling and shining to keep up your glee;
Still the heavenward breath of devotion,
Cushion the freshness of every emotion;
Beats like the dead which are pulses and cold!

Indolent, indolent! art thou not indolent,
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, phrems ghost?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping,
Over thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent? art thou not lost?

If we had space we should like to copy the three Bell Songs, a poetical amplification of the famous line, "Funera plango, fulgora frango, Sabbata pango," (I wail for Funerals, break the lightnings, fix the Sabbaths.) They are wondrously beautiful. In the fitful, tuneful changes one

* Tucker & Fields, Boston: Publishers.

seems to hear the mournful rolling and startling clamor of the actual bell, and the four stanzas of the Fire bell have the concentrated power of Schiller, in the splendid fire scene of *The Lays of the Bell*. The tone of the Sabbath Bell is as mellow and musical as the sounds that float over the valleys and hills of our own Sabbath-loving country, and stirs the heart or calms the soul with the same mysterious spell. Other beautiful pieces are *Lotus Land*, *En Espagne*, *The River*, *Basile Renard*, *Non Fit*, *New Moon*, etc. We gladly transfer the following to our Gallery:

NEW MOON.

Ours, when the new moon glitters
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And a will with stirred my breast.

Over my white, right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even,
To come to pass at morn.

Whenever the new moon glitters,
So slender and so fair,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wish at that wish of mine.

Now, when the West is rosy,
And the snow wreaths blue below,
And I see the light, white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow;

I never look across my shoulder,
As I used to look before;
For my heart is older and colder,
And I wish I wish no more.

We might copy many verses of equal beauty from this exquisite little volume.

Conventions.

Our country has ever acknowledged the conventional mode and authority of expressing the will of the people. Hence we have favored, from the first developments of our national troubles, the propriety of state and national conventions. If there be wrongs and necessity for concessions, there is no better way, and we see hope for no other way, than in the calling of state conventions and these appointing delegates to a national convention, in which said conventions the grievances of the aggrieved may be explicitly stated, and to what extent the other party will acknowledge their wrongs and make concessions. If the difficulties cannot be amicably settled by the conventions, if they cannot come to terms, then perhaps they can agree to disagree; or, in other words, they can agree upon terms of separation. In case of an unwillingness upon the part of either party to settle the difficulty either to live together or to separate in peace, then the right of revolution is left as the last resort.

We believe the above to be the just and equitable mode of settling difficulties, and in the order there stated. And it will be seen we make no allusion to secession, all parties agreeing, the states have a right to separate; the parties disagreeing, the states have a right to revolution. Unless secession and revolution be classed as synonymous terms, we are unable to see any position in affairs where secession is the proper step to take.

In our present difficulties, Congress might effect a settlement, but we have little hope from that quarter. Our politicians, we are sorry to think it, are too time serving. We look to the sober reflections of the yeomanry of the land. Let us, therefore, give these an opportunity to speak by calling conventions in the various states, and by holding a national convention, in which the constitution of the United States may be modified to suit the exigencies of the times, and to avoid similar difficulties in the future. Let the people speak.

Day of Humiliation.

Both congregations in this place had services in their respective churches, on Friday the 4th inst, in accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States. Rev. J. Henry Smith preached in the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Peter Doub, D. D., preached in the Methodist. The day was generally observed by the citizens of town, and places of business closed.

Carolina Female College.

We are sorry to learn that this Institution has failed to be self-sustaining, and that its president, Rev. T. R. Walsh, has resigned the presidency. The exercises of the College, we learn, have ceased, at least for a time. The South Carolina Conference has accepted a transfer of the stock and property, and the exercises will be resumed the ensuing Fall; it is thought by its friends that the Institution will be more prosperous.

Notices of New Books.

THE GREAT PREPARATION. By Rev. J. Cumming, author of *The Great Tribulation*, etc. New York: R. B. & C. Eaton.

Dr. Cumming, we need hardly tell our readers, is one of the most scholarly and voluminous writers upon theological subjects in the history of the Church. His works are favorites with thinking readers upon both sides of the Atlantic. That which has enjoyed the greatest popularity is *The Great Tribulation*, published last year by the same firm through whose enterprise and liberality the present work is introduced to American readers. *The Great Preparation* will unquestionably have a large sale. 1 volume, duodecimo, Price \$1.00.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK, containing Selections from the Writings of Daniel Webster, etc. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

In the present emergency, involving the safety of the Union, this well prepared volume will be found especially appropriate to all sections of the country. It consists of the salient passages, often consisting of whole pages, from the speeches and public addresses of the great defender of the constitution, selected with especial reference to the union and harmony of the states. Better arguments, or more stirring appeals, never came from the lips of man. The Declaration, and the Constitution, with their history, are added as an appendix, and a fine portrait of Webster prefaces the work. Every American citizen should own it. 1 vol., 12mo, 500 pages, \$1.25.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE FAIRFIELD, including a few Select Poems by Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. Philadelphia: George G. Evans.

The family of the poet Fairfield has many claims upon the South, and this interesting volume in which the widow and mother have a direct pecuniary interest, should have an immense sale. We have never read a more touching biography. The brave heart of a true woman battling against suffering, and never crushed by it, lends interest to every page, and adds another to the many proofs that truth is stranger than fiction. Reader, get this book. 1 vol., 12mo, with portrait, \$1.00.

THE OAK OPENINGS, OR THE BEE HUNTER, by Cooper, illustrated by Dury, W. A. Townsend & Co., New York; S. McHenry, Sole Agent, Philadelphia.

Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York, S. McHenry, sole agent, Philadelphia, publish, in continuation of their exquisite series of Cooper's Novels with Dury's illustrations, the characteristic novel of *The Oak Openings or the Bee Hunter*. This is a delightful work of fiction, to us one of Cooper's best, and should be read by all admirers of the great novelist. In the glorious style of the publication, with tinted paper, beveled binding, etc., it reads like a new book, and as it is furnished at the price of a common novel, it should have a new impetus given to its already large circulation.

THE HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY, by Dean Milman, Sheldon & Co., New York, Publishers.

In the most faultlessly beautiful style of the famous Riverside press, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, are publishing from month to month the grand work of Dean Milman on *The History of Latin Christianity*, to be comprised in eight crown octavo volumes at the astonishingly small price of one dollar and a half per volume. The annals of the world present no more crowded and interesting canvases than the ecclesiastical record narrated by Dean Milman, whose discipline and severe life-study found its best monument and reward in this, the crowning work of his life. The great scholars of both hemispheres have been lavish in its praises; if the publishers are rewarded for their liberal expenditure upon the work in so exquisite an edition, it will have an immense sale. We can conceive of nothing more valuable for a holiday present, or more flattering to the happy receiver.

The Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent., payable on and after the 7th of January, 1861.

The Burch divorce case in Illinois has been finally settled by Mrs. B. taking charge of one of her daughters and Mr. B. of the other.

Dangerous spurious \$5 bills, on the Commercial Bank of Wilmington, N. C., are in circulation.

New York Legislature.

Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New-York.
 Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully ex-
 ecuted.
 A. BUTTS, Jr.,
 (Successor to S. H. MARSH.)
 No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, V.

California.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Land of Gold! thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main
Lo, they stretch the hand to meet thee,
Youngest of our household train.

Many a farm their shires have fostered
Linger 'neath the sunny zone,
And their spirit-brothers deepen
Sympathy's delighted tone.

We, mild storms of war were cradled,
Stood the shock of angry foes,
Then, with sudden, dream-like splendor
Pallid-born, to vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Firm in union let us stand,
With united ardor earning
Glory for our Mother-land.

They of gold, and they of iron,
They who reap the sunny wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton
Blend their treasures at her feet.

With wither's smile of exultation
She who marks the rippled part,
Like the Mother of the Gracioso,
Folds her jewels to her heart.

Hartford, Conn.

AGRICULTURAL.

Too Poor to take the Paper.

"Will you lend me your Times," asked farmer B——, of one of his neighbors, the other day. "Of course I will, but why don't you take the paper for yourself, and have the comfort of it? It only costs two dollars."

"Really I am too poor. It is a grand paper, and wife and the children all like to read it. Am sorry I can't afford it."

Now farmer B—— has a hundred acres of land, and, though not the best manager in the world, he might take the paper a great deal better than not. He has just laid in his winter stock of tobacco, and that cost five dollars; but he could not afford the paper. He had just been to the circus with his wife, and two oldest children, and that cost a dollar, to say nothing of the time lost; but he could not afford the paper. The week before, he went to the horse race, and lost ten dollars on a bet, to say nothing of the loss of self respect in the gambling operation; but he could not afford the paper. He went to the general muster last month, and that cost him two dollars, beside his time. He loses a hundred dollars every year in manure, which the paper would show him how to save. But alas! poor man, he cannot afford it.

How Shelter Saves Food:
Also: How warm houses and warm clothing save food—A few practical hints from Science to be studied during these cold days.

Can it be that this subject is fully understood? We have talked and written a good deal about it, and so have others, yet judging from what we see wherever we travel through the country, the mass of people must still be ignorant, or the general practice would be far different. We will flatter ourselves, however, that those whose practice is wrong, have not been readers of the *Agriculturist*. It is below the truth to say that a correct knowledge and practice in the matter of protecting and feeding stock, would, during the present winter, save two million dollars worth of fodder in this country. The cold winter is upon us, and the fodder that may be saved, is likely to be needed. Let us state as plainly as may be, a few elementary facts that all should understand. They are worth studying.

The food that is consumed by man and beast, goes first to supply the waste or wear of the body, and what is left is stored in the form of increase in flesh. All that can be saved from waste or wear, is clear gain, or profit, in the form of added flesh.

The body (of man or beast) constantly requires some nutriment from food, to take the place of the particles that are daily worn out by labor or exercise. The less the exercise, the less the food required for this purpose. The more quiet and unrestless an animal can be kept, the less will be the food required to supply loss from wear of the muscles and other organs.

The greatest amount of waste in the body, however, is the consumption of food to keep up the natural heat. How is the body kept warm? Why, really, just as a house is kept warm, by the oxydization of carbonaceous materials, or in plainer words, by the burning up of materials, like wood and coal, which contain a large amount of an element called carbon or charcoal. Heat a piece of wood away from the free access of air, to drive off its water chiefly, and you have a bulk of charcoal left nearly equal in size to the original billet of wood. Heat hard coal, called "stone coal," in the same way, and you have a mass of

cake left, which is like charcoal. Heat potatoes, turnips, corn, wheat, oats, hay, straw, bread, meat, or any other food, just as you heat wood in the coal pit, and you get in every case a mass of charcoal. Charred meats, bread toasted black, etc., are familiar examples, only that in these cases the heating is done in the open air, and a part of the charcoal is driven off or carried away by the air. We repeat, then, that all kinds of animal and human food, are largely composed of carbon or charcoal. It does not appear in its black form, until the other materials are driven off by heat, but the carbon is none the less there because we do not see it with a black coat on. Our animals are eating large quantities of this carbon in their hay, grain, and roots, and we eat it in our bread, meats, and vegetables.

In the fire place and stove, the air (its oxygen) unites with the carbon of the wood or coal, forming a condensed heavy gas (carbonic acid) which goes up the chimney or stove pipe. This condensing of the air with the fuel (or carbon in it) gives out heat that was before latent or concealed, and our rooms are warmed.

In the bodies of men or animals, the fuel (food) is chopped up by the teeth, and by the gastric juice in the stomach, and the particles are carried all over the body by the blood. We take in air through the mouth, just as the stove takes it in through its draft. The air goes into the lungs, where it mixes with the blood, and is carried all over the body. When a particle of this air meets a particle of food, it unites with it—they burn, just as the food would burn when the air came in contact with it in the stove. The result is, a little heat is given out. The myriads of food and air particles constantly meeting within the body together, produce heat enough to make up the waste heat constantly escaping from the surface. In cold weather more heat is carried off from the body, and we, and our animals, must either have more fire (more food and more air) to supply the greater waste of heat, or we must put on more clothing, or stay in warmer buildings. (The carbonic acid, which in the stove is carried up the pipe, is in the body thrown into the lungs and out into the air. A large number of persons breathing in a close room spoil the air the same as if a stove pipe opened into it.)

Practical Deductions.—The above explanations are of important application. To keep a house warm, we must either make the outer walls so close or non-conducting as to prevent the escape of heat, or we must burn more fuel to get heat to supply the waste. To keep our bodies warm, we must either put on warmer non-conducting clothing, to retain the heat of the system, or we must consume and digest more food (fuel) and breathe more air into the blood, to produce more internal heat to supply the waste.

If a horse is covered with a warm blanket to prevent the heat escaping from the surface, he will require less food to keep up the supply within, than if left uncovered in the cold air. If he is put in a warm stable he will need to eat much less food to keep up the supply within, than if left in an open stable, or in one where are open cracks, and drafts of cold air through doors, open spaces in the floors, partitions, and ceilings. Stop up the cracks, and close up the needless openings, and you will find your money in it when you have extra hay and oats to sell or buy towards Spring.

Cattle, sheep, and other animals, left out in the cold, must have much more food (fuel) than if kept in warm close stables. They will eat less on the lee side of a building or shed, than if exposed to currents of air that carry off the heat of the body rapidly. The less the food required by any animal to keep up the internal warmth, the more will there be stored away in the form of increased fats and flesh, which is so much profit. Sheep kept at a haystack in a bleak field, will eat more (at the cost of the owner) but they will not grow more. The rapid internal fire required to sustain a life heat, weakens the system, as is too frequently shown by running noses, and weakened bodies, in or before Spring.

Hogs kept in a warm pen with a good bed of straw, instead of in a cold pen, will use up less food for fuel, and store away much more fat, from the same number of bushels of corn. In one case they

may be kept at a loss, and in the other pay a fair profit. The same reasoning applies to all animals—the human animal not excepted. Give all animals a warm habitation, or shield them from cold, and you will save food that would otherwise be required to keep up the animal heat. On the understanding and application of so simple a principle, often depends the success or failure of many—of most men.

A Prayer for the New Year.

BY MATILDA.

Lord, not in fear nor in distrust
Would our petitions be;
We bless the darkness and the storms
That bring us close to thee;
We know the waves, though wild and high,
Cannot our bark overwhelm;
For thou, our light, our truth, our way,
Art ever at the helm.

We know that thou wilt guide us right,
Across this troubled sea;
Lord, help us every hour we live
To put our trust in thee;
We know not which way to pursue—
We know not which way to shun;
Oh! teach us, Father, how to pray
Thy will, not ours, be done.
Washington, D. C.

OUR HOMES.

"Can't do without the Paper."

Said Mrs. Weatherby, as she laid down a late number of the *Times*, and looked across the table to her husband, who was elbow deep in his political paper, reading of party squabbles, "You don't think of stopping it do you, my dear?"

"So many papers, wife, the garret's full of them now. A man needs an independent fortune to supply all the wants. Must have a political paper, and a religious paper, and Susie must have her magazine with the fashion plates. Guess that's about enough."

"But you said when you were setting out the new grape vines from Dr. Grant's, this Fall, that you got hints enough on that subject alone from the *Times* to pay for it."

"Yes, I know, but there's so many things."

"Well if you can't pay for it, I can.—The eggs, you know, have been more than doubled this year. Look at this account of eggs sold. Hints all came from the paper. There were twenty bushels of onions, where we did not get five last year. It was the wood ashes, you know. Then we have got two cents more a pound for the butter, because it was worked dry and packed in ice. That idea came out of the paper. And there is a hundred more just as good, and I suppose they will keep coming. I can't do without it."

Hints on Washing the Hands.

Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands; if any one doubts it, let her with a microscope examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, and perhaps shocked at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting, when washed, a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough, corrugated surface, with deep irregular furrows in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lay loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains, perspiration and oil, which by evaporation, become a cement to hold the particles of dust, etc., and to remove them, requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable, so that by rubbing, the soil is disturbed and partially removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; and soap is added, alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of.

The wash cloth is useful, because its threads or fibers work down among the furrows, like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; hence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is the best of all. Rough coarse cloths are objectionable, as they break the skin and leave it rough and more easily filled with dust than before.—Harsh, strongly alkaline soap should be avoided for the same reason; it abstracts all the oil from the upper layer of the skin, and makes it "chapped" or cracked. Where a sponge is not obtainable, a very neat and serviceable washcloth may be knit of soft cotton twine; either with the crochet, or with coarse woollen needles; knitting back and forth, as garters are knit. A mitten

knit on tidy cotton with the crochet needle, is very handy for this purpose, and makes a neat article for the wash stand. A wash rag will not be tolerated by a tidy housekeeper. If cloths are used, let them be neatly hemmed, and kept scrupulously clean. Applying a little vinegar and water to the hands or face, after the use of soap, and rinsing off the vinegar with clean water, is a capital process to prevent chapping or roughness. The acid neutralizes the alkali of the soap, and keeps it from destroying the skin. Try this frequently, especially on washing days. Diluted vinegar or other acid is excellent for the face after shaving.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Bake common sponge cake in a flat bottomed pudding dish. (Several may be prepared at one time, as they are quite as good when a few days old, and very dry.) When desired for use, cut it into sixths or eighths, split each piece, butter them, and return them to their places in the dish. Make a custard with four eggs to one quart of milk, season and sweeten to the taste, and pour it over the cake. Bake half an hour.—The cake will swell and fill the custard.

NEW YEAR'S CAKE.—Stir together 1½ lbs. white sugar and 1 lb. of butter. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of pearl ash in 1 pint of milk and add to the butter and sugar. Stir in 3½ lbs. flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds. Roll about half an inch thick, cut in small cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

CRACKER MINCE PIE.—For four pies of common size, break five large crackers into a pint of warm water; add 1½ cups of butter, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup chopped raisins, 2 cups sugar, with cinnamon, cloves, and salt to your taste. [Rather a rich pie for a weak stomach.]

Decimal Measures and Weights.

BY MARCUS.

That a well constructed Decimal system of Measures and Weights would be much more convenient than that now in common use cannot be doubted. This, being the case, the subject should be kept before the people. To do something in this direction is the object of the present article. In order the better to illustrate the subject, the following scheme is introduced.

The Ell is taken as the unit of length, and is equal to twenty five inches; and from decimal parts and multiples of this all other measures are derived.

The following terms, with the first letter of the unit, express the decimal denominations of the measures and weights.

Deci, expresses the	10th part
Centi, " "	100th " "
Milli, " "	1000th " "
Deca, signifies	10 times
Hecta, " "	100 " "
Kilia, " "	1000 " "
Myria, " "	10000 " "

LONG MEASURE.

The *Ell* is the unit, and is equal to 25 inches.

10 millis,	equal	1 centil
10 centils,	"	1 decil
10 decils,	"	1 Ell
10 Ells,	"	1 decal
10 decals,	"	1 hectal
10 hectals,	"	1 kilial
10 kilials,	"	1 myrial.

LAND MEASURE.

The *Acre* is the unit, and is equal to 1 hectal square or .99639 statute Acre.

10 millies	equal	1 centie
	"	1.5942 sq. rods
10 centies	"	1 decie,
10 decies,	"	1 Acre
10 Acres,	"	1 deene
10 deeneas,	"	1 hectac
10 hectacs,	"	1 kiliac
10 kiliaes,	"	1 myriac

MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

The *Mensur* is the unit and is equal to 5 centils (or 1½ inches) cube.

10 millims	equal	1 centim
10 centims	"	1 decim
10 decims	"	1 MENSUR
10 mensurs	"	1 decam
10 decams	"	1 haectam
10 haectams	"	1 kiliam
	[equal to .9082659 bush.	
10 kiliaes	"	1 myriam.

WEIGHTS.

The *Pound* is the unit and is equal to 1 pound Avoirdupois.

10 millips	equal	1 centip
------------	-------	----------

10 centips	"	1 decip
10 decips	"	1 roudo
10 pounds	"	1 decap
10 decaps	"	1 hectap
10 hectaps	"	1 kiliap
10 kiliaes	"	1 myriap

To facilitate the change, a decimal system of measures and weights ought to be so constructed that many of the principal quantities of the old system, such as feet, inches, bushels, gallons, &c., might easily be nearly or exactly measured or weighed as illustrated by the following comparison.

1 centil	equals	1 inch
4 centils	"	1 "
4.8 decils	"	1 foot
1 Ell	"	25 inches
1½ Ells	"	about 1 yard (11 inches over)
8 "	"	" 1 rod (2 in. over)
1 decal	"	20½ feet
2½ kilials	"	about 1 mile (.986 mile)
1 myrial	"	3.957 miles
1 centie	"	1.5942 square rods
1 acre	"	.99639 (or about 1 statute acres.)
1 millim	"	¼ inch cube
1 mensur	"	about 1 pint (1½ pint)
3 decams	"	" 1 quart (wine)
1.2 hectams	"	" 1 gallon "
1 kiliam	"	.9082659 bushel
1.1 kiliam	"	about 1 bushel (less than .001 under)

1½ millips equal about 1 grain (1 gr. over)

1 centip " 7 grains

3 centips " about 1 scruple (1 gr. over)

3½ centips equals about 1 dr. (½ gr. over)

A box 5 centils cube will contain 1 mensur.

" 12½ x 12½ x 8 centils " 1 decam

" 2½ x 2½ x 2 decils " 1 hectam

" 5 decils cube " 1 kiliam

&c., &c.

If a change is to be made in our system of Measures and Weights, it should not only be decimalized, but also simplified as much as possible. Instead of having three kinds of measures of capacity and three kinds of weights as we have now there should be only one of each. And it would be desirable to have it so arranged that the capacity of rectangular boxes &c., could be easily calculated from the measure of their sides. All parts of the system should correspond with each other, and yet not differ too widely from the old. All this I have attempted to illustrate above.

It is scarcely denied that decimal measures and weights would be desirable but to attempt its introduction is sometimes objected to, on account of the difficulty of introducing it, and the loss that would be occasioned by rendering worthless all the present measures and weights. I admit that there would be a little inconvenience in making the change, but it might be managed so as to cause but little trouble.

To illustrate, let us suppose that something like the above would be adopted. Then let it be explained and illustrated in the new editions of our arithmetics. Let squares be constructed for a while with feet, inches, &c., on one side, and ell, decil, &c., on the other. Scales &c., could be managed in a somewhat similar manner.

Measures of capacity might also be so constructed that liquids could be measured according to both systems; and measures for dry substances might at once be changed from the old to the new, as all the old measures (such as half bushels, &c.) could easily be altered to suit. Thus the change would be gradually effected with but little loss or inconvenience to any one.

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.

The ages of parties contracting marriage, the relative number, and the results of marriage, are important elements for a statistical survey of the condition and progress of a people. From the last report (for 1859) of Dr. R. W. Gibbs, Jr., Registrar of South Carolina, we take the following extracts:

Of the men, nearly one-half enter the connubial state below 25 years, while of the females more than two-fifths marry in their teens, and nearly three-fourth under 25 years.

In Chesterfield, it is recorded that a groom of 23 years selected a bride 12 years old. In Marlboro', there was a couple aged about 15 years each. In Pickens, a youth of 16 years took a wife of 14. Spartanburg furnished a groom aged 80 years, with a bride of 31. Sumter gave a damsel of 14 to a man of 18, and Williamsburg joined a girl of 13 to her lover as soon as he had become "of age."

(Continued from first page.)

months in your society, yet I must leave you—my time of vacation is over, and the world needs my earnest labor. If we would gain position! honor! character we must labor for it, joy! labor with a will! firm and active. Maud, may I hope to have a place in memory? Will you think of me, in the future, with the same feeling that I shall of you? as those words came in a whisper from my lips, her grasp tightened on my hand, and she murmured, "I shall always think of you. Horace, it will be my prayer that God may lead you onward to prosperity and honor!"

"Bless you, Maud!" I replied, "you have given me fresh vigor to my body, new life to my soul! and I'll do, or die."

"Hush!" she whispered, "Be not so earnest! I feel you will achieve what you aim at—and be assured, Horace, whatever may be your fortune, whether for weal or woe, remember, Maud's heart beats for you and you alone!"

Again we were silent, but our souls were filled with holy joy—at last we parted,—parted with high hopes, hopes which the heart seldom sees realized.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1860.

The Country—Changes in the North—Fears and Doubts—Questions for the South—Southern Members wrong in leaving their Seats in Congress—Christmas—Great influx of Specie—Business—Want of Employment—The President—East, &c.

The present state of political affairs is painful to every patriot; the North and the South are both caricatured and misunderstood by each other and by the public—I mean the great mass of the people. If the "politicians" were all drowned or imprisoned for six months and the people had the question distracting them fairly stated, they would settle the whole controversy in three months, honorably, equitably and satisfactorily; but the politicians are as stumbling blocks, blind guides, and no longer have the confidence of intelligent and virtuous men; therefore, they are unable to devise means to settle our present disputes, the great body of the people not being willing to trust the majority of them for fulfillment. Every one has a panacea and no one will take it; in the meantime the patients are committing suicide.—There are evident and radical changes going on in the public mind North and East; people are getting out of the fog by getting out of cash and getting out of cash by getting out of labor, and are led to inquire—what is the matter, and what is the cause of it? Six months more of the present pressure will induce the whole body of northern laboring men to yield to any just and lawful demand, and to repeal every obnoxious law. That sentiment now prevails among the people, but politicians stand in their way and declare for senseless plot forms at the expense of the country's rights. Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, who decided against the Fugitive Slave Law, Ashmun, who presided at the Chicago Convention, and a host of other strong men have come out in favor of repealing all Personal Liberty Bills—and almost every town in Massachusetts, beginning at Boston has elected men opposed to Republicanism as now expounded. The current is rapidly turning in the right direction, but it requires time to effect great changes. Everybody in possession of brains or intellect are now feasting and debating as to results. South Carolina secession was expected by all sensible men, but where it will stop is the question which distracts the wisest heads.

As the South is now tending, it would be well to inquire how she is to maintain herself. Without war, it will require South Carolina to pay a tax of *thirty-three dollars* per head to exist. Add to this her district or county tax, and the almost inevitable introduction by some means of the African slave trade—which will reduce the value of slaves one half in five years, and benefit only traders—and then should war among ourselves occur, and the men of the Slave States be called to defend the coasts, harbors and large cities, what would become of helpless women and children should an insurrection occur? The idea is dreadful, but these things should all be considered *beforehand*. A disruption will also stop all the works of internal improvement to a great degree for years, and cripple every State enterprise now on a grand scale of progression.

The withdrawal of Southern members from Congress, leaves, or soon will, leave the Republicans in power; this is a surrender and submission of vested and powerful rights in the Government, and is cruel in the extreme to the other Southern States, and looks, indeed, like "dragging" them into the vortex of ruin. Let all good men, therefore, reflect, come together in primary assemblies, and act as becomes a great people; do as they would be done by, and this great controversy may yet be settled for the good of all. May heaven so direct it.

Christmas was cold, clear and lively; nothing transpired of importance.

Five million of specie was received at this port last week, and three and a half in three days of this week, and still it comes; unfortunately, it affords little relief, there being no special demand for it, and it lies inoperative in banks.

Business is perfectly prostrated, and thousands are idle, seeking bread and employment in vain, and their future is dark and uncertain. Factories and manufacturers of almost every kind are working some three-quarters, some half, some one-quarter, and many are doing nothing whatever; thus men, women and children are coming to want and beggary in this great city, and greater hoards of liberty! Alas for us. Well may the President invoke heaven for mercy, and even this by fools is laughed at. Yours truly, E.

Address to the Southern States.

The following is the concluding portion of the address of the South Carolina Convention to the people of the slaveholding States:

Citizens of the Slaveholding States of the United States: Circumstances beyond our control have placed us in the van of the great controversy between the Northern States. We would have preferred that other States should have assumed the position we now occupy. Independent ourselves, we disclaim any design or desire to lead the councils of other Southern States. Providence has cast our lot together, by extending over us an identity of pursuits, interests and institutions.—South Carolina desires no destiny separate from yours. To be one of a great Slaveholding Confederacy, stretching its arms across the Atlantic, with power in Europe's possessions—with a population four times greater than that of the whole United States when they achieved their independence of the British Empire—with productions which make our existence more important to the world than that of any other people inhabiting it—with common institutions to defend, and common dangers to encounter—we ask your sympathy and confederation. Whilst constituting a portion of the United States, it has been your statesmanship which has guided it in its mighty strides to power and expansion. In the field as in the cabinet, you have led the way to its renown and grandeur. You have loved the Union, in whose service your great statesmen have labored and your great soldiers have fought and conquered—not for the material benefits it conferred, but with the faith of a generous and devoted chivalry. You have long lingered and hoped over the shattered remains of a broken Constitution. Compromise after compromise, forced by your concessions, have been trampled under foot by your Northern confederates.

All fraternity of feeling between the North and the South is lost; or has been converted into hate; and we of the South are at last driven together by the stern destiny which controls the existence of nations. Your bitter experience of the faithlessness and rapacity of your Northern confederates may have been necessary to evolve those great principles of free government upon which the liberties of the world depend, and to prepare you for the grand mission of vindicating and re-establishing them.

We rejoice that other nations should be satisfied with their institutions. Contentment is a great element of happiness with nations as with individuals. We are satisfied with ours. If they prefer a system of industry in which capital and labor are in perpetual conflict—and chronic starvation keeps down the natural increase of population—and a man is worked out in eight years—and the law ordains children shall be worked only *ten hours a day*—and the sabre and bayonet are the instruments of order—be it so. It is their affair, not ours. We prefer, however, our system

of industry, by which labor and capital are identified in interest, and capital, therefore, protects labor—by which our population doubles every twenty years—by which starvation is unknown and abundance crowns the land—by which order is preserved by an unpaid police, and the many fertile regions of the world, where the Caucasian cannot labor, are brought into usefulness by the labor of the African, and the whole world is blessed by our productions. All we demand of other people is, to be let alone, to work out our own high destinies. United together, and we must be the most independent, as we are among the most important of the nations of the world. United together, and we require no other instrument to conquer peace than our beneficent productions.—United together, and we must be a great, free and prosperous people, whose renown must spread throughout the civilized world and pass down, we trust, to the remotest ages. We ask you to join us in forming a Confederacy of Slaveholding States.

Another Church Separation.

The Lay Convention of the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Church, in session recently at Baltimore, has adopted a series of resolutions to be laid before the Baltimore Conference at its meeting in Staunton. The following is an extract of the preamble to them:

With the new chapter on slavery, you are utterly precluded in the whole slaveholding territory of the Conference from preaching with any success, because the people will not willingly listen to those, placed under solemn obligation to maintain and administer a church discipline contrary to the sentiments of our people, and even obnoxious to civil censure. Along the whole border you are brought face to face with the preachers, your brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the only substantial difference existing between you in point of church economy, creed or discipline, is in this vexed slavery question. In the minds of the masses the only reason for your antagonistic relation to that Church is your implicit obligation under the discipline to inculcate a doctrine on that subject which constitutes the distinction between our Church and that.

Your silence upon the chapter, your varied explanations of it, and your repudiation of it, avail nothing. The hearts of the people are closed to you. The Church is in perpetual agitation. All Church enterprise is retarded. The building of churches and parsonages has almost entirely ceased, and missionary collections are called for in vain. The pulpit ceases in great measure to address the people, and is of necessity compelled to fight for the very existence of the Church itself. It was more than the Church could do prior to the late General Conference to maintain herself among us. With the new chapter on slavery it is impossible. Under these circumstances, dear brethren, we look to you to provide some measure of peace and quiet to our denomination here which shall preserve our unity.

These are the resolutions:

1st. *Resolved*, That the Baltimore Annual Conference should, at its next session declare that by its recent unconsentual and violent action the Buffalo General Conference has severed the ecclesiastical connection which has hitherto held us together as one Church, and that the Baltimore Conference does not and cannot longer remain under its jurisdiction or submit to its authority or those representing that authority.

2d. *Resolved*, That the Baltimore Annual Conference should also assert and claim that the said General Conference has by its said action separated the several Annual Conferences represented therein and occurring in said action, from the Baltimore and other non-concurring Conferences, and that the Baltimore and other non-concurring Conferences constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church proper, and may exercise all the rights, duties and powers appertaining properly to their position as such.

3d. *Resolved*, That the position we shall occupy after such action as has been indicated has been taken—whether it shall be that of independence or union with some other branch of the Methodist family, upon such terms as might be mutually satisfactory, is a question which this Convention is willing to leave to the sound discretion of the said Annual Conference, in the light of all the facts and circumstances surrounding it.

4th. *Resolved*, That a Committee be appointed by this Convention to present the proceedings of the same to the next session of the Baltimore Annual Conference, through such members of Conference as they may elect, and that they be instructed so to do at the earliest practicable moment.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A correspondent writes from Louisville, N. C., to the Petersburg Intelligencer, that a fire occurred at that place on the night of the 28th Dec. by which some fifteen or twenty houses in the centre of the town were destroyed, including the printing establishment of the American Eagle. The damages are estimated at from \$75,000

to \$100,000. The fire was accidental. During the fire a young man named W. B. Brown, a resident of the place, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. The loaded gun had been placed on a pile of goods, and some goods being thrown on it, it was discharged, the shot wounding Mr. Brown vitally. He lived about one hour.

News from Washington Territory.—Horrible Indian Massacre of Oregon Emigrants—Mothers Eating the Dead Bodies of their Husbands and Children.

PORT WALLA WALLA, Washington Territory, Nov. 25, 1860.

The command of Captain Dent, United States Army, has just reached this point from the scene of the late Indian massacre, near Fort Boise, bringing with him twelve men women and children, who have been rescued from this massacre, which has been one of the saddest which has ever occurred on the emigrant route.

These wretched creatures were found almost naked, and eating the dead bodies of those that had been massacred, and in one case eating the head of a man that had been buried for ten days. The party numbered forty-four souls, out of which twenty-nine were massacred and fifteen saved. They had moved from Wisconsin up to Fort Hall where they received an escort of dragoons, who guarded them to near Salmon Falls, on Snake River, when the dragoons turned back, they were left alone for three hundred miles, when they expected to reach Walla Walla, W. T. Near Fort Boise they were attacked by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred Snake Indians. They fought for two days, when, finding their men falling, they abandoned everything and fled for their lives. The next day they saw by the smoke that their train had been destroyed. They moved on for several miles on foot, the mothers many of them, carrying their infants at their breasts until they came to a small creek lined with berries, where they had remained five weeks until the troops found them. Two men had made their escape and gave the information, upon which Col. Wright ordered out troops to their relief.

The troops moved rapidly, and when they came up with the emigrants it is said that the heart of every soldier was moved at the saddest spectacle that humanity ever witnessed. The poor people, men women and children, bowed themselves on the sand desert, where they were found, and offered up a solemn and fervent prayer to God at their most miraculous escape, and with one filling the soldiers swore vengeance against the savages who have reduced this land of emigrants to this condition.

But the most horrible sight was yet to be witnessed. They were without food or clothing, and had made shelters for themselves out of willows and grass, and the infants that had been left after their mothers had been massacred were eaten most ravenously, and one lady ate two of her own children that had died of starvation, and afterwards dug up her own husband, and the troops found his head roasting up on the fire when they reached them.—They said it was not until starvation drove them to it that they could allow themselves to be thus reduced to live upon human flesh, and that, too, in a putrid state.—The women had been ravished by the hellish savages, and their naked dead bodies bore all the marks of horrible brutality.—When will our government take some action to guard and protect our emigrant roads to the Pacific coast? This last act calls for vengeance loud and deep.

A rumor has also reached here that the Flathead Indians in the Bitter Root Valley has risen, and were giving great trouble at Fort Owen. Everything has been done by Colonel Wright, the commander of this department, that a humane and noble commander could do, and much credit is due the officers and troops under Captain Dent, for their efficient aid and kindness to these emigrants. Lieutenants Anderson and Reno, and Dr. Taylor, United States army, the officers with the command, did everything that could relieve these poor people in their distress.

A body of troops had been sent out from this post as it was supposed, to bring in and protect any emigrants that might be left on the road, but the troops returned here in August, without bringing in any emigrants. We can only trust that the Government may take warning from this, and initiate such steps as to prevent its recurrence.—*Correspondence N. Y. Herald.*

A homespun dress—the skin

WIT AND WISDOM.

Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is the center.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it's like any disease—while there's life, there's hope.

Among the novelties advertised in the papers, are "single and married bedsteads."

According to bachelor horticulture, the genuine domestic evergreen is—a husband.

"Still so greatly of me stealing," as the man said when he heard a thief in his garret.

The man who challenged contradiction got into an awful fight, and was most severely beaten.

An eminent artist is about getting up a panorama of a lawsuit. It opens in the year 1, and closes at midnight.

An apothecary asserted in a large company, "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have any in that language, that "them chaps spell *ugga*?"

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage cruelty of an unforgiving spirit.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simple manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

Good manners should begin at home.—Politeness is not an article to be worn in full dress, only to be put on when we pay or receive a complimentary visit.

Some one telling the famous Jerome Blanton that Rome was the seat of faith, "That is true," said he, "but then faith is like some people who are never at home."

Go down upon only one knee to a young lady. If you go down upon both you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an enraged father.

"I am certain wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

Jeremiah was telling how much he liked calves' head for dinner, when the mistress exclaimed, "O, you cannibal!"

A SUGGESTIVE WRITER.—Whenever he presents to his reader one full blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the end of the study; and he makes you learn more than he teaches.

LONDON.

Women love to find in men a difficult combination—a gentleness which will invariably yield, with a force which will invariably protect.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague said the severest thing ever uttered against her sex: "It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman—the reflection that by no possibility shall I ever marry one."

A Baptist preacher in a certain place was giving evidence in a court of justice; when the counsel on the other side, inquired of what profession he was. He replied, "Oh I am only one of the candles of the Lord," when the former very jocosely retorted, "A dipped candle I suppose!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes sent two poetical letters to the "post office" of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield, Mass. In one of them the first stanza was:

"Fair lady, whose'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care;
And—hush, O hush thy breathing heart—
The one thou lovest will be there."

On turning the "poor leaf," there was found a one-dollar bill with some verses, beginning:

"Fair lady lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter;
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And naught (0) can make thee love it better."